

I *felt* the need to **catch 'em all**. I was only ten years old, a *fragile* little boy, when I became a ^{Pokémon} trainer in Pallet Town. A **little boy** who wanted to prove himself to the world.

Professor Oak gave me **Pikachu** as my starter ^{Pokémon} and we *grew* to be the **best of buddies**. How much Pikachu **protected me** it was amazing. I *felt* like the **luckiest** boy in the world. I set off to start my journey from Pallet Town and along the way I met **BROCK AND MISTY**, who I ended up traveling along with. We were tight.

I didn't know much about battling; I caught my ^{Pokémon} by merely **befriending** them. Most of my gym badges were given to me out of **gratitude**. Did people *feel sorry* for me? I didn't know if they took me seriously... I *felt* **WEAK**, and team rocket would sometimes **get to me**. But I kept on going.

I would show **everyone** that I was the best trainer out
there and no one was going to **stop** me. I got by
with a little help from my friends. Did they
know how much they helped me? How
inexperienced I felt? I would **keep on battling**.
They would ask me, are you **Ash Ketchum**. I would
reply **boldly** and **confidently**, yes, yes I am.